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LOUIS O. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

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Agricultural.

March—Work to be Done.

Perhaps this, if any, may be called the farmer's month for leisure; still there is much which must be done, for our seasons, like the tides, will not wait on lazy operators.

Bean poles should be prepared, labels, rods for tomatoes, for those who use them; the larger market gardeners do not use rods for tomatoes, as their culture is found to be more profitable without them. Manure for new hot-beds, composed of leaves from the woods and horse-manure, mixed together, and placed under cover, if not done in last month. Composts made previous to commencing spring plowing and planting, so as to lose no time, should the spring prove early. If the weather be sufficiently mild, make and plant your hot-beds, in the latter part of the month, being careful not to plant them until the steam is well off, so as to leave your bottom heat not above seventy-two degrees Fahrenheit. If your straw mats were not made last month for covering hot-beds, make them now—give air freely to your autumn plantings in hot-beds.

Do not sow new hotbeds in frosty weather, you will gain nothing by over-haste; if the weather permit, you may commence sowing cabbage, egg-plant, lettuce, tomatoes, peppers, &c., but not during strong frosts; these will do for your early plantings. Bridgman recommends forcing asparagus, kidney beans, cucumber, plant peas, (Coblet and Bridgman), potatoes; sow radish seed in cold beds, well protected; plant broad beans, and sow cabbage seed—Give all your hot-beds strict attention; see that all well protected at night, and give air as often as practicable in the day time.—Should any of your beds prove to be steaming, cover the necessary opening with some loose material, which will admit the escape of steam, without permitting the cold to check the beds or plants too suddenly, or to frost the plants if windy. If you have cauliflower or broccoli of last year's growth, heeled in for heading, give them full air, by uncovering during the day, if not intensely cold, otherwise they will lose color, and show soiled leaves near the stalks. Cabbage stalks, from which the heads have been cut during the winter, and which were heeled in last fall should be fairly uncovered for sprouting, if you intend to have early cabbage sprouts; gardeners usually uncover a part of their cabbage stalks thus early, as the sprouts succeed very early, they produce better profit.

Agricultural Condition of Maine.

The following interesting statistics exhibiting the agricultural condition of Maine, are gathered from the Report of Hon. Ezekiel Holmes, Secretary of the State Agricultural Society, recently made to the Legislature.

In point of numbers, the farmers of Maine eclipse either of the New England States—numbering 77,016, while New Hampshire has but 47,408; Vermont 48,312; Massachusetts 55,892; Rhode Island 8,308; Connecticut 31,750.

We have in the State 2,039,596 acres of improved land in farms, and 2,515,797 acres of unimproved land in farms. These added together will make 4,555,393 acres in all the farms.

The average of improved acres to each farmer in Maine, amounts to a fraction over twenty-six, which is a less number than can be found to a farmer in any other New England State. We also find that the whole value of these farms amounts to fifty-five millions of dollars, or a little more than twelve dollars per acre—that in 1850 there were bred in Maine 41,721 horses, 53 mules, 133,555 milch cows, 83,933 working oxen, 123,890 other cattle, 451,577 sheep, 54,335 swine, the whole of which stock is nearly ten millions of dollars.

There was raised in 1850, 296,259 bushels of wheat, a little more than a quarter what was raised before the war attacked the crop; 101,916 bushels of rye, 4,750,053 bushels of Indian corn; 2,181,037 bushels oats; 1,263,631 pounds of wool; 203,541 bushels peas and beans; 3,426,000 bushels of potatoes; 151,781 bushels of barley; 104,213 bushels of buckwheat.

Our orchards produced 834,265 worth; our market gardens 322,387—there was raised 9,233,811 pounds of butter, and 1,434,454 pounds of cheese.

That there was cut 755,880 tons of hay, and there was raised 9,000 bushels of clover seed, and 9,000 bushels of other grass seeds.

That there was also raised 40,000 pounds of hops, 17,600 pounds of flax, 380 bushels of flaxseed, 550 pounds of silk cocoons.

There was 94,000 pounds of maple sugar, 26,000 gallons of molasses, and 19,000 pounds of honey and bees were collected. Our home-made manufactures being worth over a half million dollars, and the value of slaughtered animals more than a million and a half of dollars.

In 1850 there were 133,555 milch cows, affording about 9,233,811 pounds of butter, or about sixty-nine pounds to the cow.—There are seven States better than this—New York the average to a cow is eighty-five pounds. The reason of cows not being equal to those of others must be that they are not so good and so well kept.

—In 1850 the amount of cheese, according

to returns, were 2,434,454 pounds. Seven States also take the lead of us in the amount of cheese yielded per cow. Dr. Holmes says we ought to make more than enough butter to supply our population, and instead of sixty-nine pounds per cow, the average ought to be an hundred.

In regard to the article of wool we raised 1,364,034 pounds. This gives a fraction over two pounds to every individual in the State. It has been estimated, by those who have had experience in clothing people, that every individual requires, on the average, seven pounds per annum to make him comfortable. We have according to this, a deficiency of 3,835,966 pounds, which must be obtained from other sources.

In order to supply the deficiency we need to keep 615,222 more sheep than we now do. To winter these sheep would require 171,000 tons of hay, and allowing 77,000 farmers in Maine, each farmer to bring this about would have to raise a fraction over two tons more hay than is now produced. Many States are ahead of us in wool raising—Vermont, with 238,000 less people than we have, or with only 48,312 farmers, has a half million more acres of land under improvement than we have; keeps over a half million more sheep than we do; clips over two millions of pounds of wool than we do.

In the number of working oxen we lead each of the other New England States, and only four States in the Union go beyond us in this respect. These are the large States of New York, Virginia, Tennessee and Missouri; but in the size, symmetry, strength and docility of our oxen, we may safely challenge the whole Union.

To put Maine in the rank she should hold agriculturally, requires the fostering care of the State and the patient labor and research of individuals by establishing institutions where the science of farming may be taught, otherwise, it is to be feared we shall go backward.

By inspection of the tables of the census it will also appear that the ratio of the increase of our population is decreasing. The Secretary says:

How happens this? It is not because the natural laws of increase are checked among us, but because of emigration of our young men. They emigrate not for the want of room, but because that room is not pleasant to them—because they conceive there are greater advantages to be enjoyed in other States. This restlessness, this dissatisfied state of mind, can be obliterated in no other way than by establishing and demonstrating to them that there are now equal or better advantages at home.—This brings us again to the point from which we started, viz: that the mind must receive higher instruction, and that the physical and property condition will rise in proportion and our numbers increase accordingly.

Does it need any argument to prove this? Let us turn our eyes to any part of the world and ask for ourselves whether it is abundance of soil, or mildness and sweetness of climate, that exhibits the most flourishing and most profitable instances of agriculture; or whether it is not where these natural advantages are scarcely found, but where the mind of the operators is highly instructed, and "happily, honorably and industriously employed." It is "where the great purposes of heaven are fully carried out—the great duty of man thoroughly performed—the laws of our nature obeyed—the earth welcomes most cordially man's effort, and pays most bountifully his toil."

The report closes with some further observations on the importance of encouraging the various agricultural societies now in operation, and of looking to substance rather than show in exhibitions, which are merely expensive and not the ends of agricultural pursuits.

This report is but preliminary to another which will follow when the necessary information and returns are made from the various agricultural societies.

FARMING AND AGRICULTURE FROM STRAW. The attention of agriculturists in France has recently been directed to the discovery of a method of converting a straw into a kind of bran. This discovery has been claimed by two individuals. The first is a miller near Dijon, who, it is said, on trying the millstone of a new mill, discovered the possibility of converting straw into a nourishing food. The second, M. Jos. Maitre, of Villotte, near Châtillon.

This distinguished agriculturist, known for the purity and perfection of his breeds of sheep, conceived the idea of converting into farina not only the straw of wheat and other grains, but hay, trefail, lucern, sainfoin, etc. His efforts are said to have been perfectly successful, and his discovery arrived at, not by chance, but by long experiment and research. The aliment which he has produced is said to be a complete substitute for bran. It is given to sheep and lambs, who consume it with avidity, and may be given to all other grain-eating animals as a grateful and substantial food.—We know in this country that the mere chopping of straw adds greatly to the power of facilitating mastication and digestion. We may believe that a more perfect comminution of its parts will produce a corresponding effect, and extend very widely the use of straw and other fodder as a means of feeding our domestic animals.

THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS. The winter's severity has fallen upon no portion of the animated creation with greater rigor than upon the feathered tribe. The poor birds are now literally in a starved condition. The snow covers the ground over a vast track of country, completely cutting off their usual supply of food, or compelling them to subsist on poisonous leaves or berries. They are driven to farmers' barns, stacks and houses for something to eat. The boys trip or shoot them by thousands. The

danger is that all the insectivorous birds in the country will be destroyed, which could not happen without injury to the farmers' crops next summer, myriads of destructive insects.

Miscellaneous.

From the Cayuga Chief.
Drawing Room, Hut, and Cottage.

BY T. W. B.

Few movements have occupied the attention of the world can present history more intensely thrilling, than the temperance reformation. Its scenes have stirred every fountain in the human heart. The wildest flight of fiction, is overreached by the every day reality. Sometimes the full sunshine will follow the darkest shadows, and clothe the blackened wastes with more than summer verdure.

It had been a stirring day in the city of —. The temperance hosts had been there in their regalia, and with their music and banners.

We love to look upon a procession of good and true men, and so had turned out to the ranks to await its passing on a street corner. The heart always leaps to the sound of the footfall as strong men march to the sound of the drum beat.

As the long line wound away over the hill, the sound of the music coming in gentle swells, and the low anthems bathing in wondrous beauty the silken streamer of the Order, some one took my hand and said:—"O, Mr. I wish you would make my pa like those men."

The speaker was a boy of ten summers, perhaps, clear-skinned, his eyes deeply blue, his features even beautiful, and his long, flaxen locks, like masses of twisted gold, resting upon his shoulders. It was a vision of beauty and health in dirt and rags.

As we looked down upon his face, upturned like a transparent spring of water, large drops swam upon his lids, and there was a quivering of the finely chiselled lips, the whole appearance one of touching sadness.

"Don't say you can't!" he again pleaded, as he continued to look us in the eye, and tightened his hold upon our hand. "I know you can. Won't you let my pa wear this?" and he took hesitatingly hold of the regalia we held in our hand.

"Do you want your pa to wear such as this?" we asked him.

"O, yes, sir, so much—you don't know how much."

"Why, my little man, do you want him to wear it?"

"Cause them wear 'em never drink whiskey."

"Does your pa drink whiskey?"

"Yes, sir—sometimes."

The tear grew larger and brighter on the boy's lid, and he watched his dirty foot, as he kicked his toes into the soil.

"Does your pa ever strike you when he has been drinking?"

"Yes, sir—sometimes," and the full tear swam over the lid, and fell upon my hand. It glistened hotly there like a molten drop, and sent a fire through my veins.

"Have you got a mother?"

"No, yes, sir—she never strikes me."

No, no, we thought, through all the bitter desolations of the run scourge, the mother, or the father, or the child, or the child's hand, we followed him to his home.

What a home for childhood! It was one of the poorest class of Irish huts, no windows, an old quilt for a door, and no floor, but the hard beaten ground. The boys were rooting lazily in front, one basking at the very entrance. To the naked upon the loose board, a mild voice answered, "come in."

The woman looked up with evident astonishment and mortification, and with more of grace than is usually found in such tenements, handed us the only chair in the room, and that backless and nearly bottomless.—Though embarrassed, her manners had something that told of a better day and position. But the girl and the features told the story of wrong. We have seen many a sad face in our day, but few more so than that of the Irish mother. We apologized for our visit, by saying that her boy urged us home with him.

"And a poor home ye have found it, sir!" he answered, with sigh. "It was not so once, indeed, it was not," and she bowed her head convulsively over the neck of her boy.

"Don't cry, my man, any more; this man's come home with me to make pa stop drinking whiskey. O, won't that be good, ma?" and he wound his arms around her neck.

"O, little of the hope of that, Michael!—And sure it is, I have prayed this many a year for that day."

"But, mother, he's going to wear such as this, [pulling my regalia from my hat,] and march with lots of 'em, and won't never drink any more. See mother?"

The woman looked vacantly at the emblem, and motioned for him to put the regalia back in the hat. As he reserved wore off, she in answer to our inquiries, told the story of her wrongs. She was born in a home of fair means in Ireland, married with fair hopes, and for the first years of wedded life was happy. After coming to this country, her husband took to drinking, and since that time she had seen "a world of sorrow."

"Many and many is the day, when me and meself are cold and hungry in the winter times. But it's the whiskey that does it—it's not Michael himself, at all, at all."

While we were conversing, the husband came in. He was intoxicated, sullen, and bent a glowing expression upon us from under his matted hair. To our frank salutation, he barely growled an answer, throwing himself heavily on the bed, and calling for whiskey.

We will not take time to detail our two hours' struggle to reach that man's heart, and win his confidence. Round and round we went, but to meet with a surely rebuff every time we approached him. He even told us to mind our own affairs and not be troubling honest people.

Providence often works by slight instrumentalities. It all at once entered our mind that associations connected with our native land, are strong and undying in every race. We remembered the history of a sick regiment in Quebec, cured by the bagpipes, strong men dancing in rite of themselves, as they were stirred by the hurrahs of old Caledonia. We hesitatingly commenced humming an Irish melody, hope kindling in our heart, as we saw the drunken man beating time with his foot, finally striking in and singing in a touching tone the familiar air. We had found an avenue to the man's heart, and we pursued our advantage. We talked of Ireland—the sorrows of her poor when they begged for corn, and laid down to die without coffin, shroud or grave.

"Yes," said he, tears coming in his eyes, "and your angle come from over the say and dropped bread from his beak to feed the starving ones."

At last we ventured to present the subject nearest our thoughts. For a moment he was sullen again, but we followed up the advantage. To the objections that he had neither clothes or money, we replied that he could work for us at some future time. By this ruse we secured his consent to let us propose him to the Division.

By a special dispensation, Michael—was proposed and initiated. Hardly yet sober, and excited by the step he was taking, he could scarcely stand, and clung to me like a frightened child.

"And will you blind me?" he whispered in my ear as I went out to escort him from the ante-room.

He was initiated. He gave the response with an energy and earnestness which thrilled all present.

"Salute your brother!" said MILES, and a hundred hands were extended for the greeting, a heart in every eye. We stood a little back and looked upon the eloquent scene with a full heart—the feelings swelled a moment and then ran over in a flood of joy upon the cheek. Michael—was weeping and saying, "God bless ye!" as fast as he could between his sobs, tears mingling unchecked from his cheeks.

"Where is Mr. Brown—sure he has a hand to give me now?" he inquired, half sadly.

"Here, my brother, ready to shake your hand, if there is any left."

"God be praised, Michael—has hand enough for the likes of ye, to the end of the world!" and he turned, taking my extended hand in both of his, and bowing upon, and covering it over and over with kisses, and fast-dropping tears and sobbing prayers.

"My God—my God! I did not know that I had a friend in America; O, what a change is this! And Michael—will be once more a man!"

Near a hundred men were weeping like children over the lost way found. All business was suspended, and the spirit moved upon all. Michael was called upon to say something, and got up. Silently, first with one hand and then the other, he wiped the tears from his eyes. Not a word could he have heard falling, it seemed to us, so deep was the stillness.

"Let me go home! Mary must know of this!" at last burst from his swelling heart, and he rushed for the door.

Angels might have wept for joy over the scene it that rude hut, when Michael again entered it. It was one never to be forgotten.

A cup of oil, with a rag in it, was the lamp which burned dimly, and Mrs. — sitting before the broken stove, her head bowed in her hands. She started, as if from slumber, as we entered, and not without surprise, for several of the brotherhood followed from the Division Room to the hut.

Michael stood a full minute, looking upon his wife, as if at an utter loss what to say. Slowly a light kindled in his eye, and his lips parted with a smile, sad but sweet, and he said:

"Mary!"

The tones were scarcely above a whisper but they were thrillingly distinct and richly tremulous with suppressed emotion. The wife started as she heard his voice, and bent her gaze wonderingly upon her husband's face, and then inquiringly upon those standing around him. Naught was heard but the deep breathing of the boy upon his cot of rags.

"Mary!"

The tones now throbbed with emotion—they were joyous, half exultant.

"Look at me now, Mary! I'm sober!" Look me in the eye, and bless our Holy Mother, that I tell ye true. O, believe me now, Mary!" and he looked his hands convulsively, and looking beseechingly into the changing face of the half doubting wife.

"Mary!"

There was agony now in the ringing appeal, for the tide of joy was ebbing back, as if repulsed.

"As ye hope for mercy, believe me. I'm Michael—now, and a drunkard no longer!"

"Mother of Christ! could I believe this real, my poor heart would break with joy!" She stood with her hand hard pressed upon her brow, the blood crimsoning her face and feet, and again leaving her pale as death. Half awakened hope trembled in her bones, as she again raised her head and looked her husband in the eye.

"I tell ye, Mary," he almost shouted in his agony, "it is as true as God is true—Michael—this is no night. No more whiskey here! Is you hear that? You shall be happy again, Mary, I swear it—"

Look, Mary, and believe! I am a son of Temperance, and have a hundred brothers to stand by me," and he flung the white regalia with its emblem of "red, white and blue," over his shoulders and lifted his form proudly to its full height.

That emblem, the tones of his voice, his changed apparel, the fast falling tears, had the eloquence of truth, to the long-despairing wife, and she trembled from head to foot. And then the heart gave way, and in voice and tears the flood of happiness burst forth. With a wild, startling shout of joy, she flung herself upon his neck, and sobbed as though her heart would burst its walls.

"O, Michael, Michael! my own noble Michael! This joy is more than I can bear. It is too much happiness after so much sorrow—indeed it is. I am happier now than the day we wed."

Lifting her face from his neck, and proudly tossing her hair over her shoulders, she stood a moment as if to realize that it was not all dream, and again fell upon his neck and wept. There were other weepers, looking upon the scene through their tears.

"Where is Michael?" inquired the reformed man, as he now thought of his boy. Then stealing to the place where he lay, he knelt down and in silence hung over him for a moment, and then shouted, "Michael!"

The boy started at the sound of that voice, as though it had been the hiss of a serpent.

"Don't be afraid, Michael, it's your father, he's sober, injured boy, you won't hate me now, will you? Your pa is sober, and will never drink any more. Do you hear that, Michael?"

It was touching to hear the kneeling parent pleading with his child, for the love that he feared had banished. Michael instinctively gathered from the tone and manner, that his father was not drunk.—Seeing the regalia upon his father's neck, he caught the rosette and kissed it. Then winding his arms trustingly around the parent's neck, he said:

"O, my own good pa, I'm so glad you got that on. Now you'll love me and I, I know you will, and when I wear bread you won't scold, and—"

"Strike ye? No, no, never!" and the humbled parent covered his child with his repentant kisses. Then springing into the middle of the room, he shouted,

"Michael—this is a man again! Here that, Mary! and then his eye fell upon her tattered garb, and wandered around the miserable room, his head falling with shame.

"But this shall not be long. We'll have bread to eat, and clothes to wear, for Michael—this is a Son of Temperance, and will never drink rum again."

With many tears and mutual God bless you's, we left the reformed man for the night, proffer than ever of the cause which went hunting among the graves of manhood, for the angels which are ever watching their prey.

Three years had passed since the incident we have detailed, and were again called to the city of —. The temperance host had again gathered in their strength, to commemorate the anniversary of our National Independence. As we stood upon the crossing with a friend, a well-dressed and handsome young came and stood near, frequently eyeing us with more than ordinary interest. With a manner frank and yet modest, he at last advanced and tendered his hand, accompanied with the usual salutation.

"Let me go home! Mary must know of this!" at last burst from his swelling heart, and he rushed for the door.

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trophies, with a swelling heart. Here was a home paradise, blooming like a vineyard upon the escoria which the volcano of three years before had poured out to wither and blast with consuming heat.

The boy was gone a few moments, and soon returned with his father in company. As he entered, he sprang forward with a cry of joy, grasped the extended hand, and sobbed.

"My savior!"

"In the hand of God, only!" we answered, and prevented him from kneeling where he stood.

"O," said he, I have longed for this day, that I might show you the work of your hands. And so has Mary. We're happy, now, she's very happy—and God has blessed the labor of my hands. Here, look, in the crib is an angel Heaven has lent us since you were here, and we have given him your name, sure it will never harm him, but make him a Son of Temperance. We shall teach him to love you, indeed we shall."

"Yes," chimed in the boy, pa loves you. Ma says she never cries any more only when she's happy. She says she loves pa as well as she ever did, and loves you most as well as she does pa."

We all smiled in the midst of our tears—we were all happy. A brighter afternoon and evening than we there spent, is not anchored in the past. Not until a late hour did we turn away to home. The stars were bright, and we looked upward through tears to the Great Worthy Patriarch above, and out over the world with a deeper and holier faith in humanity. In that one chapter of the reform, we had seen enough to reward for all past effort, and to nerve us for those of the future. The two pictures came often before us—the wretched hut, with its rags, hunger and heart-desolations; the cottage, with all the comforts of life, a sober husband and happy family.—And as we remember them, we battle on more cheerily for the day the plague shall be banished from all homes.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.
DOWN AMONGST THE COAL.

None but those who have visited the coal lands of our State can form any idea of the immensity of the mining operations. They are stupendous. They swallow up every other business thought. Coal is the great staple; it is hardly paradoxical to style it the bread of life. During the last year, the profits accruing to the State from the mines were upwards of nineteen millions of dollars; in coming time, when the number of capitalists is increased, and the facilities for operations become greater, who can calculate the wealth that will pour from these Goleadas of coal? Schuylkill County is the present great theatre of action. I visited the place a short time since to witness the operations.

Pottsville, the principal town of the county, was at one time the scene of very extensive works; they are now worn out, and the operations are proceeding further into the interior. The city is said to be completely undermined. As the veins are followed up, small settlements become formed along the route; as they give out, the village die away, and new settlements are formed at the next scene of operations. For this reason the great coal works are found at short distances from the city; in time they will be moved further into the State, and in time again, perhaps, (though should the world exist forever, it can hardly be) they will die away altogether. I visited one of these settlements—called St. Clair—for the purpose of being initiated into the underground mysteries of smoke and flame, and to see the men that work in it all the time. There are nine or ten mines in extensive operation here; the entire population of the place consists of the miners and their families.

Having obtained the advice of an experienced person, as the most safe and interesting of the works, I prepared with a friend and a couple of guides, to make the descent.

I was deterred for a time by the remembrance of the fearful accidents, which occur almost daily in the mines—the thro' of the terrible fire damp, which may burst from the mountain of coal at any moment; but finally curiosity prevailed over every other feeling, and my fears being somewhat lessened by the assurance of the guides, I jumped with more boldness than might be expected, into the little car.

There are seven ways of making the descent—the method we chose was by means of the inclined plane. With all my desire, and all my boasted assurance, I felt decidedly uncomfortable.—The yawning chasm into which we were to pass looked gloomy enough. I paid particular attention to the iron cable (as thick as my arm) attached to the car, and felt perfectly satisfied in my own mind that it was not sufficiently strong; and my foreboding feelings were in nowise lessened by seeing the guide jump into the car, with a number of little lamps, one for each of us. This hinted fitfully of what was to come.

I shall never forget the awful thought that my heart gave, when our guide shouted to the engineer, "Now then!" And we began to roll slowly into the gaping abyss.—The speed was increased by degrees, until we were being whirled along with the utmost velocity. The sensation experienced on leaving the surface, and all bright things, thus to be dashed, as it were, into the very bowels of the Earth, is overwhelming, and cannot be described. I felt as if a tremendous weight was placed upon my chest, causing my respiration to become labored and heavy; this weight became lighter, but was never entirely removed during my stay in the mine.

Down! Down! Down! I thought the old car would never stop. "Should the chain break!" I scarce dared to whisper to myself. At last after what must have been a little time, but which seemed to me a great while, the speed slackened, and the car stopped as we rode to the level; here the party stepped out on the ground. I could now

see clearly the path we had travelled. The slope was about four hundred yards long, and sunk at an angle of about 42 deg.—looking up from the bottom the entrance seemed a little patch of light so far off, and so small that I felt as if we were in the middle of the Earth.

Where the car had stopped was an open space, some twenty feet square. In the center of it opposite the opening, stood a blazing, four-sided grate, holding five or six bushels of coal; I was informed that this fire was kept burning, to produce a greater draft into the mine. Branching off from this central position, were various galleries or passages pointing in every direction. These follow the courses of various veins. Railways run through the entire length of each, which all connected at this mine proper. The coal is forwarded thither from the distant working grounds, and from thence to the surface. The whole of the arrangements are very beautiful, the loaded cars arrive with the utmost regularity from the various gangways, are shipped to the surface with the rapidly almost of thought, and again and again return, ever insatiate. We were taken into one of these passages, called the "great chestnut" vein, and explored it to its utmost limits: this vein proceeded over a quarter of a mile; other veins were also of considerable length. The entire passage-ways in the mine, extended between four and five miles. Think of this, in the heart of the Earth, where every piece must be knocked away by the blow of a pick.

There seems to be a regular system of streets, that is to say, an irregular system, for they cross and recross each other at every imaginable curves and angle, and through their troops of mules, with loaded and empty cars, are seen passing continually. When once a mule goes into the mines, he stays there for life. He had best take a long look behind him, when he is put into the fatal car, for it's the last time he'll see the sun. Stables are prepared for them, (which they don't occupy much however,) and they eat and work—sleep and work—work and die, down there amongst the coal. Many a man does the same thing above ground.

As we were proceeding along an avenue, one of the guides remarked that the walking was remarkably good for this season of the year. This I understood to be facetious, seeing that the water had been nearly up to my ankles all the way, and endeavored to smile as in duty bound. I discovered, however, that our friend was not only perfectly serious, but very true in his remark, as it was by no means unusual for the mud to be knee-deep in the galleries. The water comes out of the rocks and coal—sometimes and in some places in drops, at other times in perfect streams—continually. It sounds like rain, always falling. The farther you go down of course, the greater the annoyance becomes; and in very deep mines, powerful pumps have to be kept in constant operation, in order to prevent the water from accumulating to rapidly.

Not the least interesting feature in this underground city, was the miners at work. The lights are so feeble that we come continually and unexpectedly upon the little squads of workers. The lamps, indeed, shine sometimes so dimly, that you can scarcely distinguish the burrowing, moving mass, from the black stuff around it. Sometimes, however, large lamps are hung up all around, and you are enabled to inspect more closely their operations. There is however, not a great deal to witness in the mechanical execution. Knocking the coal from the rocks with his pick, and piling it in the cars which are to convey it to the sun, constitutes the miners' employment. To come across a body of these men thus engaged, you would think indeed, that it was a very Hades, and that the miners were fiends incarnate. The peculiar snarl from the coal gives a most demoniacal expression to the countenance, and the effect of the light and shadows on a group is startling in the extreme.
